

My main interest in this sketch is the daughter, so I will pass over rather briefly the subject of the father. He follows the semi-artistic profession of a teacher of fine writing, which ranks in China and Japan as a fine art. It is taught by men who rank as artists, and their productions are treasured from century to century, hung on walls, rolled up and kept in treasure chests much as artistic masterpieces are with us. The point I wish to bring out is that the father is of the unbusinesslike, un-go-getter type, who lives somewhat in a world of dreams, and this attitude no doubt accounts to some extent for the lengths to which his daughter has gone in her flight from orthodoxy.

Some fifteen years ago during this girl's adolescence, she was quite prominent in the Japanese Christian church circles and probably was accepted by the Japanese community without question as just one of the slightly bewildering second generation. But gradually there emerged in the girl an artistic complex and ambition to become an artist, more particularly a portrait painter. Her father's profession was not very remunerative among the local colony, and he was unable to give her as much financial assistance as she wished to pursue her studies. In order to obtain the funds she engaged in a liaison with a Japanese employee of a large Japanese firm. Sup-

ported and financed by this, she pursued her studies at an art school. It is said that the Japanese firm becoming aware of the liaison, and noting the financial strain it was putting on their employee, gave him the choice of giving it up or resigning. He chose to give it up.

Subsequently to obtain funds to continue her training she took up posing for artists and also for the art school. It is at this point that the Japanese counterparts of Mother Grundy reared up on their hind legs and began to squeal. To a race accustomed for ages to look with equanimity on financially embarrassed fathers selling their daughters into prostitution to obtain monies, the concubinage episode was not as upsetting as exposing of the nude body to public gaze. Perhaps this latter point may need some elucidating, although not to people who have been in Japan. The Japanese are noted throughout the world for free and open display of the human form, both male and female, adult and child. The point is that, like the black-garbed scene-shifters and property-men of the Japanese theatre, who walk around the stage during the action in full view of the audience, but are treated as being invisible, the nude human body in Japan, when engaged in some activity that requires nudity, is treated by social convention as either clothed or invisible. It is not supposed to be regarded as nude. To do so is an insult and a confession of vul-

garity. This attitude gave much trouble to artistic circles in Japan up to the last five or ten years. A girl might be willing to sell herself as a prostitute to succor her parents, even girls from the higher classes, but it was a matter of great difficulty for an artist to get a suitable nude model. He was forced to take the lowest of the low.

So great was the outcry from the local Japanese community that the girls, so I am told, confined herself for a time to posing in the nude only for busts. This, again, was in line with Japanese moral psychology. The breasts may be freely exposed and freely gazed at by on-lookers without infraction of the code. With the Chinese it is the exact opposite. Physicians in China were perfectly free to inspect and probe the body from the waist down in their diagnosis, but a female patient at the point of death would shrink from allowing such freedom with the region of the breasts. Whether the girl subsequently reverted to posing in full nudity or not I cannot say, although I have seen paintings that purported to expose her entire body.

If I may be allowed to digress another moment in connection with the above matter of interesting psychology or morality, I would call attention to the fact that even in such a debased class as the Chinese prostitute (considerably different in tone from the Japanese prostitute), the same reluctance to

expose the upper half of the body is the usual rule, the lower part being flaunted with indifference. With her Japanese professional sister, the exact opposite is again the rule.

A further step in this girl's story again brings some conflicting versions, the usual one being that she engaged in another liaison, this time with a fellow Japanese artist for whom she had been posing. The connection with this man is supposed to have lasted for a period of some years, during which she not only pursued her own studies but also lent inspiration and acted as model for her protector. The local Japanese community during this period was practically absolved from the necessity of wasting their hard earned cash in buying novels or magazines of romance and confession as they were all busily engaged in enjoying with drooling lips the condemnation of the latest daily details of the life of the girl in question.

The result of all this was to draw great censure onto the head of her parents and more or less ostracism. The girl withdrew from the home for long periods at certain times, either to spare her family the shame of association with her or to escape their pressure. The Salvation Army interested itself in the matter, and the girl's younger sister went to live with the Army, instead of her parents. Whether this came about from the

volition of the Army, the parents, or the younger sister herself I have never been able to settle to my own satisfaction. In any event, after a certain period the girl left the Army and returned home.

We second-generation Japanese are starting to realize now that it is imperative that we understand our parents' tongue. After all we're Japanese, and it is really funny when I bump into a fellow of my own race who can't speak or understand Japanese at all. Some used to feel that, being that way, we were 100% Americans. Bosh! No matter if we spoke English perfectly our faces wouldn't lie, we're unmistakably Asiatics, moreover we are Japanese. Our American friends especially on the Pacific Coast, would never forget it. Another thing, if we understand how to read, write and speak in the Japanese language and if we should go to Japan, it would be a whole lot easier to land jobs or to do anything. I know of many who have gone to Japan because they have been unable to find positions here, and have found good ones in Japan. Many, too, have come back because they couldn't find jobs or hold onto them, because they were unable to talk "every day Japanese". That's what confronts many of the second generation Japanese. Also, many of us are so "Americanized" that we think, act and talk that way. But when it comes to earning our daily bread we realize the futility of it all. We ask for jobs at a Japanese place, and we have to understand the Japanese language, manners, customs; if we work for the Japanese, the same; if we go in business for ourselves, it's the same.

"Now I suppose you will go back to Japan to show the folks a few things about engineering?" This question is asked almost always when an engineering student is at the close of his college career at any college. It is easier for that particular student to smile wisely and say nothing than to try to explain that this particular student has never been closer to Japan than the Cliff House; that he is an American citizen, and knows Japan only by pointing it out on a world atlas. Sometimes he replies flippantly that he is postponing his return to the land of cherry blossoms, geishas, and jinrikishas until the Japanese learn enough engineering from Americans to build a bridge across the Pacific. Strangely enough, this remark, questioning the superiority of American engineers over their eastern counterparts, antagonizes American ego.

There are undoubtedly good reasons for the average American to assume that such a student or a younger man is one of the numerous Japanese students studying abroad. Outwardly, he possesses the marked characteristics of the race, despite the fact that he was born in "good ole U.S.A." The fluency with which he speaks the English language, his adoption of American slang, mannerisms, dress, and even vices, are causes for amazement and these bear witness to the fact

that "Japs are quick to catch on". Meanwhile the Jablioskis, Idevitches and Johannsmanns streaming over from Europe slip unobstrusively into the clothes of "dyed-in-the-wool" Americans by the simple expedient of dropping their guttural apsech and changing their names to Smith, Brown or Jones.

The occasion of the birth of many second-generation was never publicized widely by the newspapers of the United States some years ago. Today, times have changed. The newspapers today are flaunting editorials against the fecundity of the Oriental races, especially the Japanese, and the menace of the ever-increasing Asiatic hordes which threaten to usurp World Supremacy. The Japanese are now giving to fourth generation citizens. The world moves on with the advent of Japanese boycotts, anti-racial intermarriage laws, and slogans such as "America for Americans".

As "The Rising Son of the Rising Sun", as a professor, once a student, I happened to choose to finish school, get married, and face the world in the ranks of the unemployed, at a very inopportune period in history. Jobs were known to be scarce in all fields. But I was far from discouraged. I was not down-hearted. In fact, while my contemporaries trod vainly hither and thither with their letters of introduction, of recommendation and reference as to character, ability and all that people vouch for in their friends and relatives, I

was asked by a friend if I wished a position as a chauffeur with a large Japanese company branch. I said I would. This man happened to be the secretary of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce. He also was a good friend of the employment manager of this company. This certain large firm employed in its office some fifty or sixty Americans, and about a third of that number were Japanese employees, all of them imported or sent from Japan. I entered the spacious office of the large firm, located across from the luxurious Palace Hotel, and was escorted into the private domain of the manager. A vicious, critical appearing person of large stature, all business look on his countenance, ran his eyes over my five feet four slowly. He took in my looks, hair smoothed down "a la Raft" in suave manner, took in my Arrow shirt, and my Hart, Shaffner and Mart suit. I congratulated myself on being one Oriental who had no perversion toward Oriental styled clothes. But, it seemed it was a complete failure in the eyes of this particular employer. My "Americanized air" did not click. Afterwards I found out that mostly all employers, if they were recently from Japan, did not approve of the so-called "American-style" in the American born, American educated Japanese. In fact, they did not approve of the manner, the ideals, the character acquired in the American environment. Is that a fault of the children of Japanese parentage?

If they are too Americanized, if they assimilate American ideals too greatly they are denounced; on the other hand if they don't, they are classified by fellow Americans as unassimilable and criticized and shunned. That is the sad predicament that confronts the majority of the second-generation. We are too American for the Japanese to employ us-- and too Japanese for the Americans to even consider us. Even if the employer agreed, the other employees might kick; so they say, and so it is, occasionally.

In the matter of language, it is extremely necessary and important for the second-generation to know their mother tongue, Japanese. Many don't, not even the Japanese alphabet. My wife didn't when we met. I find many even among the grown-ups who don't understand Japanese. Especially does that hold true when the parents are forever speaking English due to environment and circumstances, and because they themselves are American born and speak and understand more English than Japanese. It isn't comical when a Japanese doesn't understand English or any other language, but it is queer when he is Japanese and can't speak Japanese, at least at the present time. I am of the belief that as time passes if we go at the present rate, real Japanese will not be spoken or used, but in its stead a modified broken language that was originally Japanese. You take the average American-born; his language, when he is

among his colleagues, is a queer mixture of English and Japanese. In fact, even among the older first generation from Japan, Japanese is now spoken with a great deal of English in their vocabulary. I have often overheard their conversation when they speak of their return to Japan. Their language wouldn't be straight Japanese, but quite a lot of English and American slang, with a great deal of Japanese forgotten. On the other hand, if the majority of the American-born should go to Japan they would find it extremely hard to suit themselves to the different environment, and their inability to speak and understand their language. I hear of many cases of their having a hard time, of ostracism by others because of their superior American ego, and the inability to assimilate Japanese things.

In the matter of educating the American-born in the Japanese language and customs, we have several language institutes which they attend daily after dismissal from the public school. Most thinking parents send their children to these schools. On the average, nine out of ten American-born Japanese attend, and get diplomas rated Junior High grade in the Japanese language schools at the time of graduation from High School.

In the matter of securing employment, as I have pointed out previously, the average second-generation of American-born Japanese finds it a problem, even at booming times, but

a catastrophe in depression times. It is a next to impossible thing to secure a position in an American firm, because instead of going by merit standards, employees are chosen by race, religious affiliation, appearance, and, on the Pacific Coast especially, where racial prejudice feeling runs high, the chances are slimmer. Back East, where there are fewer Orientals, the chances of finding employment in American firms are greater, due to less discrimination. But on the other hand certain other races find it the opposite back East, and better on the Pacific Coast. Now, in seeking employment from the Japanese, the previous experience holds true, for it is matter of fact that the Japanese can't afford to offer employment to the large group of second-generation young people, because, after all, the Japanese population of San Francisco is approximately only 6,000, and there aren't that many jobs. The main jobs securable are in the importing-exporting line, art goods establishments and salesman mobs among the Japanese for men and boys. There is still less chance for girls, as they graduate from high schools or colleges to seek employment. The employers of their race cannot absorb them and "Americans" refuse to accept them. Being of foreign parentage evidently has many disadvantages in the quest for employment.

If the average Japanese is regarded by the Occidental as being shy or reticent, or suffering from one of many complexes,

it may be well blamed on the attention that his presence commands in localities where his kind is seldom seen except in geography books. When I was attending school back East, I was beset with stares, whispers, questioning looks, blunt queries, ranging from the taunting cry of "Chinaman!" of the street urchin, to the well meant questions of affable strangers.

In school I was accepted by my fellow students without fuss, probably because they too were mostly children of foreign parentage. It was a heterogeneous class of Hunks, Guineas, Sheenies, Wops and a Jap, that recited the Civic Creed and the Pledge of Allegiance to the flag. There were no thoughts in any of our minds as to racial differences.

The assertions of sociology, concerning the relationship of environment to behavior, have always struck me as being rather plausible. In fact, I attribute to environment the reason that I have never taken up the study of biology or made Phi Beta Kappa. I can also attribute to the same factor, my preference of coffee to tea as a beverage, and my preference of blondes over brunettes. And should I investigate the matter thoroughly, I might even find environment a reason why the majority prefer the riddles of Cabell to those of Buddha.

There are Japanese families with native-born sons who are no more American than their cousins in Osaka. As a matter

of fact, I have envied the admirable Japanese traits which I unfortunately lack. I realize that it was through parental influence that I became more American than Japanese. My home life was a queer mixture of the Occident and the Orient. I sat down at the table to American breakfasts and Oriental lunches. My palate developed a fondness for rice along with corned-beef and cabbage and ice cream with suki-yaki. I use chopsticks at one meal and knife and fork at another. I "cuss" in English and say my prayers in Japanese. My knowledge of bedtime stories is a queer mixture of Japanese and American folk-lore. As I look back upon it now, I see that my parents indulged in this Oriental side of the family life with a certain amusement and tolerance. I rather think that my parents were good showmen and had no serious idea of making Japanese citizens of their offspring. On some nights I was told bedtime stories of how Admiral Togo sent a great Russian fleet down to destruction. Other nights I heard of Tom Sawyer, King Arthur or Gulliver's Travels. I was spoken to by both parents in Japanese, and in English by my teachers and playmates. I spoke in whichever was convenient, and in a curious mixture of both.

As time passed on, my racial complex was developing rapidly. I found myself putting my defensive mechanism to work in arguing that my reticent ways were purely symptoms of an in-

feriority, and not racial complex, and that, after all, I was as American as the stranger who lived across the street and who caused me discomfiture by his store.

I can see the start early in the life of the average Japanese child. Visualize him at eight or nine, taunted at school, running to his mother. Visualize him as he comes home crying, asking what "yellow-belly" means or why he is called a Jap. He has taken his first step. He has learned that he is "different". He does not know yet how he is doomed to the life of a nonconformist, a New American. It is the first of many lessons that he must learn. "Be ready; be ready; be ready. Be ready always to fight, to defend yourself, to ward off the insult". By ostracism, by prejudice, by being shunned by a few thoughtless, denied equal rights and having it instilled in his mind that he is different, he is forced naturally and irresistibly toward the final, inevitable emotional tragedy. Within the population of one hundred and twenty five million the United States has today, about thirty million citizens (the overwhelming majority of them young citizens) are the American-born children of immigrant parents of various nationalities. The country is, as a whole, but dimly aware of this fact, which is of fundamental and urgent importance in our social and cultural scene, and the Japanese "second-generation" is but a fraction of that thirty

million. It would particularly interest those Americans who consider themselves of the old stock. Here is a new element. What will it do to the old stock? to the country? how will it affect the development of civilization and culture, of racial types in America?

The chief and most important fact about the second-generation is that the majority of them are oppressed by feelings of inferiority in relation to their fellow-citizens of older stock, to the main stream of American life, and to the problem of life as a whole; which, of course, is bad for them as individuals, but, since there are many of them, and their numbers are still increasing rapidly with the other New Americans, is even worse for the country. These feelings of inferiority in the majority of them are, to some degree, extensions of their parents' feelings of inferiority as immigrants in a country so drastically different from their native land. As foreigners, in many cases not speaking the English language, they occupied inferior positions in the country's social, economic and political life. All too often in one form or another, they bumped up against racial or general anti-immigrant prejudice; they were frequently and unavoidably discriminated against. And, in the face of all this, they inevitably felt, as individuals and as members of their immigrant groups, somewhat inferior in their relation to America and to

other people, and their tendency was to segregate themselves and mingle as much as possible only with their own nationals. And, just as inevitably, that feeling and that tendency was extended to the children, these New Americans, who shared their parents' lives and experience, and who, too, were (and still are) called Hunkies, Dagos, Sheenies, Chinks or Japs by children of Anglo-Saxon origin.

But in this respect the majority of New Americans, as individuals, are in a more unfortunate and uncomfortable position than were their immigrant parents. The latter, even if they were uneducated peasants or laborers, living here on the lowest social-economic level, had in them a consciousness, or at least a powerful instinctive feeling, of some kind of racial or cultural background. They knew who they were. They remembered their native lands. They were Italians, Finns, Irish, Chinese or Japanese or something; and that meant something to them. Some considered themselves economically, politically, culturally or socially superior to old-time Americans, thus counterbalancing or compensating themselves for the unpleasant feelings about their immigrant status in the New World. Unlike their parents, most of the second generation, or New Americans, have no consciousness or instinctive feeling of any racial or cultural background, or of their being part of any sort of continuity in human or historic experience.

Some of the second-generation seem almost as if they just dropped off Mars, and during the drop, forgotten all about Mars. The immigrant father and mother never tell their children about their cultural, economic, or social life in their own country. What are the results but unsatisfactory family life, personal tragedies of all sorts, maladjustments and social perversities.

We of the second-generation realize, of course, that the problem is closely tied up with the socio-economic system under which we live; that, next to their being more or less strangers here, the worst factors behind the inferiority feelings of these millions of New Americans, are poverty and its sister-evil, ignorance, both of them brought over by the immigrants and then fostered by conditions here. The cure for most of the second-generation ills lies, ultimately, in the solution of our socio-economic problem.

As one student of sociology put it, it is doubtful, however, if these problems will be solved in this country if we permit to develop in our population a vast element, running into tens of thousands and millions, which is oppressed by acute feelings of inferiority and, largely as a result of those feelings, is becoming actually inferior human material--bewildered, politically neutral, economically unaggressive, prepared to live meekly, slavishly on the dole, and culturally

nowhere. If this element is left alone in the face of its growing economic difficulties and the rising prejudice against it on the part of "patriotic" older Americans, there will soon be no help for it. I imagine that hundreds of thousands of New Americans already are hopeless as potential constructive elements in any sort of vital, progressive civilization and culture; and if their number is permitted to increase, they will profoundly affect the future of this country in a way that no one would want to see it affected. If something is done about the problem in the spirit of foresight the majority of the New Americans, and the generation that they will produce, will have an opportunity to become a great body of self-respecting, constructive citizenry; and with the diverse racial and cultural backgrounds they inherited from their immigrant parents, they will enrich the civilization and deepen the culture in this New World.

Going back to impressions, every autobiography contains, somewhere in its contents, some reference to an event in early life which, though thought insignificant at the time of its occurrence, left a deep impression in later life. Had I been born in the Japanese colonies of San Francisco, or even Los Angeles or Seattle, I might have evolved into the scholarly Togo so often portrayed in cartoons and in fiction. In being born and raised in an American environment I was prevented

from having my hair cut high above my ears and from being an epitome of politeness and shyness. It has resulted in my establishing Rabelais and Anatole France as my gods instead of Confucius. It has, in short, made me just an average American citizen.

What is typical of the destiny of the younger generation of the Japanese in America? First of all, as more and more of the second-generation become of marrying age, and have children who are decidedly American, a problem is being created which is political, social and even athletic. Last year, a Pacific Coast League baseball team signed up a Japanese ball player for the first time in baseball annals. The magnates realized that the numerous Japanese on the coast are avid baseball fans and that a Japanese player would be an attraction. The new generation is American. They play golf; they play bridge; and even acquire a resentment towards foreigners. Statistics show that they are taller, less artistic, lighter in complexion, than their parents. Maybe before long, perhaps even flat noses, almond eyes, and black hair will be modified. And in that time even the bugaboo of syndicate newspapers may not be able to prevent intermarriage from becoming prevalent.

The average American, if there be such, would have no idea of approaching a stranger on the street to ask him if he

were a Swede or a Norwegian. And yet, a day rarely passes when some perfect stranger does not stop me to ask if I am an Hawaiian or a Filipino. Of course I am pestered from other sources too. My brother is always asked if women and men bathe together in Japan? Would he talk to the Businessmen's Club upon the Japanese policy in Manchuria? Among others are: Would I translate the inscription on this vase? How do you say "hello" in Japanese or do I know a Jap by the name of so and so in Walla Walla? The Western mind has not yet arrived at the stage where it can distinguish one Oriental from another.

Caricatures show all Japanese with prominent teeth, an abundance of gold bridge work, slanting eyes, and coarse black hair. The movies too identify them: they are proficient in jiu-jitsu, and all Japanese are secret emissaries of the Emperor, who huddle nightly to trace on maps tentative routes for invasion of the United States or plot to blow up the canal. I know all about the culinary secrets of Japanese cooking and I am the insidious Jap who has an undying hatred of all Chinamen--yeah! I am the Jap portrayed by the average uninformed American.

Now, back to the typical destiny of the second-generation. Of course they are all different, these New Americans, by reason of environment, culture and educational facilities.

The classifications seem to be by the membership of the type. To what club, church or "gang" does he or she belong? Now in San Francisco for example: of religious groups, we have, mainly, the Christian Endeavor, Epworth League, Methodist Episcopal, Christ Church, Catholic, Buddhist Associations of many denominations, Y.M.C.A.'s and Y.W.C.A.'s. For the others or other affiliations, Boy Scouts, American Citizens' Leagues, Club for the Japan-reared American citizens, student club for the Japan-born, and others in the way of purely social or recreational groups.

The plight of the group known as the Japan-born-non-citizens and the Japan-reared American second-generations (sent or left in Japan to be educated there, but born in the United States) is great, by reason of their inability to understand English. They group together by themselves apart from the other children of immigrants. They attend part-time schools or work as school-boys in American families to enable themselves to pick up the English language and custom. They have instilled in them Japanese ideals and prefer everything in Japanese in contrast to the second-generation. They have good points lacking in us New Americans, but are unable to mingle and be like "Americans". Of course, as I mentioned previously, there are a few born in America who show no difference from their cousins in Kobe. They are called "Ja-

paneesy". But the "Japaneesy" ones call us cheap imitations of Americans and scoff at us, and are especially elated when we run into prejudice, and tell us, "See, you're a Jap, always one. And don't forget, your blood is Japanese and you'll accept Japan in the end". There are always plenty of them to call our attention to that fact.

The New Americans play football, have athletic clubs for tennis, golf, baseball, boxing and wrestling. They play bridge, five-hundred, poker, pinochle, and they have their sins too, gamble at cards, slot machines, dice in "good ole American style". They prefer coca-cola and ice-cream to Japanese tea; a hamburger or a hot-dog always, before Japanese food.

They "cuss" in American fashion, and their interest is 100% American whether it be in sports or politics. The only thing which distinguishes them from their "American" brothers and sisters is their appearance. Most of them would rather visit New York City than Tokio, and would rather live in America than any place else in the world.

Here is another thing they ask us: If the United States and Japan should ever go to war, what would you do? I, personally, have been asked a hundred times. Now what would any of the other 30 million New Americans do when that crisis comes to them--if they are French or Italians or English? The

Japanese second-generation would do what the rest of the 30 million New Americans would do in like circumstance. That reminds me of a comment I read in a book recently by Alador Kuncz, "Black Monastery". It is a story of a group of interned Hungarians, Austrians and Germans in France during the war, and is very unpleasant. It reminds me of Cohen-Portheim's book of like experiences when he was interned in England. The moral is, get back to your own side just as quick as the snowballing begins. I am sure not many would do that, but that's a problem for America too, to assimilate the New Americans for her own good, instead of fostering prejudice, and to uphold the rights of its citizens. Forward America, the "Melting Pot of the World"!

Mrs. T., a widow, now teaching in a Japanese school connected with a Japanese Christian church, was born near the southern tip of the Idzu peninsula (a hundred miles southwest of Yokohama), near Shimoda, the port at which Commodore Perry first made official contact with Japan. The year of her birth I place about 1895.

Her parents were proprietors of a combined inn and bath-house at a small hot-spring spa. As this place was not as famous as some of the other hot-spring resorts which dot the Idzu region, her parents made a bare living for their numerous children. With the exception of Mrs. T., the children grew up in the village, went to the village public school and aided in their parents' establishment. Mrs. T., then a girl of fifteen, while on a bicycle ride one day, met an American missionary. This woman had, alone, and for many years, conducted a small mission in a neighboring village. They met at a small road-side tea-stand, designed mainly for passing farmers and carters. After a friendly chat together they both continued on, riding their bicycles, and finally arrived at the missionary's house.

This was the beginning of a friendship that finally developed to the point where Mrs. T., went to live with the missionary, as a sort of combined servant, companion and pupil.

After two or three years the girl showed such promise as a Christian convert and evangelist, that the missionary arranged to have her attend a Christian girls' school which was run by women missionaries in a nearby city.

After a three or four year course at this school, she graduated and returned to live with the missionary friend in the country village.

While engaged in religious work, helping her friend, she met a young Japanese man, who had become a convert to Christianity and was an attendant at the small chapel. He was a school teacher in the village primary school.

In every Japanese public school there hangs a portrait of the Emperor. To this portrait, extreme honor is paid. It is treated as a god. In case of fire, should this portrait be consumed by fire or damaged, the humiliation to the teacher (or janitor if there be one) is so severe that suicide frequently results. Daily obeisances to the portrait by the congregated pupils are the rule.

After the young husband became a Christian, some difficulty regarding this portrait arose. Just what, I do not know, as Mrs. T. appeared reluctant to go into details. I have known of many cases in which foreign missionaries (not Japanese) have got themselves, their pupils and their schools into serious trouble by refusing to allow the deep obeisance to the Emperor's

portrait by their pupils. Others have incurred the wrath of the authorities by merely teaching that such obeisances were akin to idolatry.

Another woman of my acquaintance was struck by a policeman and marched off to jail for refusing to remove her hat while waiting to see an Imperial prince pass by.

In Mr. T.'s case, judging from hearsay from people, (none of whom seem to have first-hand knowledge of the case), I conclude that Mr. T., being at heart a patriotic Japanese, merely tried to instil into his pupils' minds that the Emperor was their beloved ruler and leader, but that he was not descended from the Sun-God; nor was there any God but the one, Jehovah. Whatever the details, the governmental vials of wrath opened, Mr. T. lost his job, and became a village pariah. His own parents disowned him.

A few agonizing months passed, during which time it was only the teachings of the Christian religion and the comforting counsel of the missionary friend, that prevented Mr. T. from taking the usual Japanese way out: suicide.

Finally, the missionary was able to work on the feelings of Mr. T.'s parents enough to get a small amount of cash out of them. She herself (or her mission associates) contributed more, some Japanese Christian friends also chipped in, and a sum was secured, sufficient to purchase two steerage tickets

to Los Angeles for Mr. T. and his wife.

Arriving there, they were met by American friends of the missionary, and were lodged with an American family for a few weeks, while they looked around and got their bearings. They finally settled in a small country town in which was a denominational college, affiliated with the mission in Japan. For lack of anything better, Mr. T. worked around the college in various capacities, such as janitor, gardener, and watchman.

The story became known somewhat among the Japanese in nearby towns and both Mr. and Mrs. T. found themselves cold-shouldered, unless they confined themselves to associating with Japanese Christians. Even these could not conceal a vague uneasiness at contact with a man who was in the Japanese Government's "black book".

Mr. T., not having uprooted himself from Japan from any adventuring, emigrant spirit, never got over the shock of his expatriation. At the end of about three years, he died, apparently of broken heart, although the certificate read "tuberculosis".

Mrs. T., unable to bear life around the scene of her husband's Gethsemane, came to Northern California, with the assistance and guidance of Christian friends, both American and Japanese.

She lives here now, with one daughter, aged about fif-

teen. She supports herself by sewing, dress-making, and in the afternoon teaching an hour or so in the Japanese Christian school before mentioned.

The home is merely a couple of rented rooms in the home of a Japanese family. The furniture is sketchy, the articles that seem to be objects of affection are mostly Japanese hanging scrolls (kakemono) and objects of lacquer ware. Although Mrs. T., in public, wears American dress, she is fond of wearing a Japanese kimono in the evenings in her own home, when friends come in for a chat and a cup of tea.

I saw no portrait of the Emperor, but there was an atrocious colored lithograph of Christ, and an enlarged crayon picture of her dead husband.

The daughter, born in Southern California, is a queer mixture, now in adolescence. One moment, pensive and dutiful, the next in a rage over some reproof by her mother. Although she is supposed to learn the Japanese language in the school in which her mother teaches, her mother laughingly remarked that I knew more Japanese than the daughter. I was able to think of the Japanese word for "horse radish" before the girl could think of it, although it was a thing she was eating on fish frequently. The girl seems to be bothered with no thought of ever returning to Japan. She has a bad case of "calf-love" over a young Japanese university student and looks forward to a romantic life of bliss in America.

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Seems to be
a young man
married
JAPANESE BUDDHIST PRIEST in charge of temple, born Japan,
age about 35, six years in America, three of which in Honolulu,
three in California, married, wife and children now in Japan
on visit, ages not ascertained.

Features of interest: future of Buddhism in America, re-
lation of second-generation Japanese to this future.

This young man, Mr. M. presents a very attractive ap-
pearance, a sensitive, cultured face, rather handsome, of the
Northern Japanese type, slightly rosy cheeks, curved nose,
hair rather wavy, very shy manner. His home in Japan was on
the Sea of Japan side, near the port of Tsuruga, the port of
embarkation for Siberia. Unlike the Pacific side, warmed by
the Japan current, the western coast resembles Siberia in
climate, winter being characterized by intense cold, blizzards,
villages snowed under deep drifts of snow. The combination
of this invigorating climate together with the point mentioned
in previous sketches of high percentage of aboriginal blood
of presumably occidental type (Ainu) has resulted in a very
wide-awake, progressive type of inhabitant. At one time, al-
though this district has a very rich soil and the population
was not driven by force of poverty to emigrate as were the
bulk of Japanese in California, the labor market of the San
Joaquin valley was dominated by people from this district.
Apparently love of adventure and aggressiveness rather than
actual economic want were the driving forces in this move-
ment. Many of the more forceful and picturesque figures of
Japanese financial and political life have originated in this

The informants were a Japanese husband and wife, owners and managers of an import-export business, aged about 48 and 43 respectively. Both were born in Japan and are now resident in Japan, after long residence in America. Two daughters, aged about 15 and 18, were both born in America but are now resident in Japan with their parents.

This family presents features of interest in connection with Americanization of the parents, as contrasted with the Japanization of the American-born children.

The wife and mother is of Japanese race, born in Japan, but has the rare distinction of having been granted American citizenship by a special act of Congress. She was left an orphan at an early age in Japan and was legally adopted as daughter by an American missionary, who brought her to America while she was yet a child, and raised her in the vicinity of New York City, strictly as an American girl. She was known solely by her adopted surname and given name. She received ordinary schooling and a musical (pipe organ) education. The anti-Japanese sentiment prevalent in California was not apparent in this Eastern locality, and the girl seems to have been freely accepted as a friend and equal by associates. None of the inferiority complex nor exaggerated imitation of the less admirable features of American character, nor any

evidence that she did not regard herself as an ordinary American, revealed itself. Through the political influence of her adopted father a bill was introduced and passed by Congress giving her American citizenship. When she later married a Japanese citizen, her American citizenship was lost.

After leaving school she studied secretarial work and became the private secretary of a professor at an Eastern University. Her social life and contacts were entirely with Americans. The students at this University seemed oblivious of the fact that she was of Japanese race. Her speech, manners, general psychology presented no variations from the common American type. Her physical appearance was rather typical of the lower class Japanese: irregular features and rudimentary snub nose. It was offset by great charm of manner and a spontaneous wit and gaiety. She apparently retained little knowledge of the Japanese language and customs.

Her adopted family did not reside in the University city, and she lived in an American family where she was treated as one of them. She was courted at the same time by an American student at the University, and by a young Japanese business man in that city, who attended the University's Evening School of Commerce. Her favours and time were divided rather evenly between the oriental and occidental suitors. Evenings at the

opera, cafe parties, park excursions were enjoyed with no unpleasant incidents from shocked onlookers, such as would no doubt have been the case had this taken place in California.

The American student graduated from the University, and went to another city for employment. The young Japanese business man won his suit and married the young woman. This young man had himself come to America at quite an early age (15 or 16) accompanying a relative who opened a Japanese exhibit at the St. Louis World's Fair. The young man remained in America and finally engaged in the tea, coffee and spice business in an Eastern City. He was of the aristocratic Japanese type: tall, slender, with well formed head, handsome countenance, cultured, and slightly retiring in manner. There was evidence of admixture of the Ainu type: slightly curly hair, expressive eyes, well formed lips and mouth, and light coloring with a rosy tinge. In general, the type of Japanese that does not arouse racial antagonism and repulsion in the Americans as does the more Mongolian type of stocky, buck-toothed, snub nosed Japanese which originates in Western Japan and constitutes the bulk of the immigrants in California.

After their marriage, they continued to live for some six years in America (in the same Eastern city) in a high-class, strictly American neighborhood, apparently enjoying cordial relations with their neighbors. Two daughters were

born, both typically Japanese in feature (of the Japanese doll appearance) but as they grew to school age, became typically American in all their actions, language, and psychology.

The father did not make as rapid progress financially as he hoped. Sensing the opportunity for profit, in the expanded trade prevailing between Japan and foreign countries during the World War, he determined to return to Japan, although the personal preferences of his wife and children were not strongly in favor of such a move.

They arrived in Japan and being short of funds adopted the cheapest form of living, that is, in a Japanese house, with Japanese furniture (or lack of it), Japanese food, and a Japanese school for the children. The husband obtained a position with a Japanese Import-Export firm, where his knowledge of English and acquaintance with American affairs soon enabled him to rise to a position of importance. In the beginning, however, in order to assist her husband financially, the wife obtained a secretarial position with an English import-export firm. No doubt the wife was able, by this position, to assist her husband more than financially by giving him information gained in the office of the foreign firm. Frequent business trips to America followed during the years, and finally the husband was able to buy out the export department of his firm and to run it as his personal concern. At this time his

wife gave up her position with the foreign firm and joined her husband in his business. The two now work in conjunction.

Their series of residences in Japan mark their social rise: from the small barrack shack of the near-coolie, through the semi-detached villa of the office and government worker, to the present imposing mansion, half Japanese, half occidental in style, where both foreign and Japanese guests and friends are entertained in either Japanese or foreign style, sitting on luxurious divans, or squatting on cushions spread on the mat floor. The daughters, at first in Japanese schools, now attend an expensive school, where there are American and English teachers and students.

The point of interest in connection with these girls is the quick reversion to a Japanese attitude after residing in Japan, a desire to conceal their American birth and their knowledge of English. The same forces are working in the reverse direction that caused the children of Japanese immigrants in America to pretend exaggerated ignorance of the Japanese language and culture. Obtaining employment with Japanese firms even is difficult for Japanese returning from abroad. Lack of knowledge of written Japanese is often an important factor in such cases, but the feeling that true loyalty to Japan cannot be felt by Japanese from abroad, also works in

these cases. The eminent Mr. Matsuoka, recently in the news despatches from Geneva, suffered in his career in Japan from the fact that he was educated in America and to a certain extent raised as an American boy by an American family. It is often quite a shock to an American, especially a Californian, accustomed to regarding as inferior the Japanese he comes in contact with, to find on going to Japan that he himself is the one looked on as the inferior. He is the barbarian who is liable to embarrass people of culture with his gaucheries or liable to deface houses that he seeks to rent; that the mere fact that he has resided in a house may make it difficult to rent it subsequently to Japanese of quality; that he is even looked down upon and insulted by the "Eta", the Japanese pariah class, who are themselves now allowed social contact with other Japanese.

During their primary school years, these two girls absolutely refused to speak English, even to foreign guests in their home. Now that they are attending a school where many of their school mates are American or English, they are again veering to the American side. They are beginning to feel a sense of superiority over their Japanese school friends in that they can speak English with their foreign school friends, exhibit a knowledge of things American, and even claim American citizenship. Whereas, formerly, it was difficult to get them

to enter a room at home when foreign guests were present, they are now taking part in the pleasantries on such occasions.

As to the case of the mother, her introduction to Japanese life on her arrival in Japan was much the same as it would have been had she been purely American. For weeks her body and bones ached from the unaccustomed postures required by sitting on the floor and sleeping on the floor; to don Japanese clothes she required the assistance of a Japanese servant or friend, and even then her manner of wearing them and her walking gait caused her Japanese friends much amusement. The free swinging of the feet and hands induced by walking in shoes appears unattractive to persons accustomed to the stilted gait and body balancing required by wearing sandals held on by a toe-thong. Even the protuberance of breast and buttocks is frowned on and concealed.

At that time occidental dress was so unusual among Japanese women (although now quite common), that this lady gave up wearing foreign clothes. When dressed in foreign fashion, her goings and comings in trams, rickshaws, streets, were exceedingly conspicuous and made her the recipient of anti-foreign insults. The subject of biography No. 1, while riding in a rickshaw wearing foreign clothes, was once struck by a cane by a Japanese patriot, who, though wearing foreign clothes him-

self, regarded it unpatriotic for a Japanese woman to do so. Another reason for her adopting Japanese dresses was that they lend themselves to the squatting on the floor more comfortably than do foreign dresses.

Y, Japanese shoemaker, and his wife come from Eastern Japan; he from the village of Kambara on the slopes of the foothills of Mount Fuji; she from the village of Hommoku about three miles south of Yokohama, on the shores of Tokyo Bay.

He has been in America about twenty-five years; she, only ten. They were married in America, about five years ago. Mrs. Y's parents had been in America a number of years but had left their eldest child, Mrs. Y, in Japan with relatives, sending for her after she grew up. They have since returned to Japan, taking with them several younger children, who had been in school here in America.

Y. was either very busy the day of my call or he did not wish to talk; I was unable to get more than a few words out of him. He continued grinding away with his electric machine at the edges of the soles of the shoes he was re-soling; and he ignored most of my questions.

His wife and small daughter, however, invited me to sit down, gave me an ashtray and conducted themselves in a very friendly manner. I sought to make Mr. Y more well-disposed, when I learned of his Fuji native-place, by showing him the tattooed Fuji on my fore-arm, but he hardly glanced at it.

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Mrs. Y says she likes it pretty well in America, but that people are sometimes rude. Also, she doesn't like to have to live in the same neighborhood with negroes.

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Mrs. Y says that, when her daughter gets old enough to go to public school, she will have to attend a school which contains a large percentage of negro pupils. She says that the only redeeming feature of association with negroes is that they look up to the Japanese and consider them "white people".

Eta outcasts, this was rather in accord with their usual nature, surly and suspicious. They are disliked and feared by ordinary Japanese for this reason. Their villages, or streets in cities, are avoided by other Japanese, who are fearful of assault if they walk through.

Mrs. Y says that her parents returned to Japan because they were getting old, not because they had made any money in America. She said they would have to work as long as they could, as they had only enough money to buy the tickets back to Japan. She also said that her parents had never liked life in America; that they had to work harder here to make about the same kind of living they could in Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. Y have a small daughter, about four years old, who goes to a Japanese kindergarten to learn to speak Japanese. However, I could not make her talk anything but English to me. She, in common with her mother, has a lisping manner of speaking, which is sometimes noticed in the Eta, and mimicked by other Japanese.

Mr. and Mrs. Y present radically different types of Japanese, although their native places are within a hundred miles of each other; he is dark, with rather sharp features and high nose; she very light but round-faced and button-nosed. The daughter resembles the mother in coloring. Her features are yet undeveloped.

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Y was born in Okayama-Ken Japan, in 1897. He was brought up from his birth to the age of twelve by his mother and grandmother. His father left for the United States a few months after Y's birth. Y's early childhood was uneventful save for the childhood experiences common to children raised in a small country town in America. It seems to have consisted chiefly of school, studying, strict home training, and play.

At the age of twelve, Y's mother received a letter from her husband telling her to come to America to live as he was now able to provide for them. Here started a new life for both Y and his mother. They secured passage on a small trans-Pacific boat and arrived in Vancouver, B. C. From there they went to Seattle, Washington, where Y's father was to meet them.

Y's father had travelled up from San Francisco to meet them. They met in a small Japanese hotel after twelve long years. The father, X, in going through the hall, met his son, Y, but did not recognize him. Later, in the washroom, X, sensing that this might be his son, asked him where he was from and where he was going. Y's answer was that he was going to meet his father and going to San Francisco. They both realized what relation they were to each other. A happy reunion ensued and they both went to meet the child's mother.

After a few days of rest the three started for San Francisco. The three settled down in San Francisco on Pine Street in a home near the Laurel Hill Cemetery. X was doing "day-work" labor. He had regular customers who used him by the hour and day for house cleaning.

Y soon adapted himself to the new environment and attended a Japanese Institute to learn the English language and so to prepare to enter the public schools. With a little English to understand what the teachers were saying he entered the seventh grade in the Roosevelt Grammar School on Arguella Boulevard. He managed to study hard and skipped grades and graduated in a year with honors. He entered Polytechnic High School where he started in a course preparatory to college and majored in electrical engineering. During these years he interested himself in the youth movement. He organized a Japanese Troop known as the American Boy Scouts and let it through until his graduation from college seven years later. The American Boy Scouts became known as the Boy Scouts of America later. During the Panama-Pacific International Exposition he was appointed as the flag raiser for the opening day and exercises. Of some fifty original members most of them at the present time are now worthy citizens. Y attended the Japanese Institute every day after the public school to learn the Japanese language. He graduated from the Polytechnic High School in three years and also received a

diploma from the Japanese Institute.

Y, during his high school days, experienced racial prejudice against the Japanese which was prevalent to a great extent at that time. The Japanese students always seemed to group together too much among themselves. They did not mingle with the other students a great deal, as they do at the present time, where the racial barrier is gone, and the different nationalities mingle freely socially, especially in a cosmopolitan city such as San Francisco.

At one time, on the way back from school, he was alighting from the street car and was kicked off without anything said by anyone; it was just that he was a "Jap" and no one cared. Other instances, when he was chased by ruffians, called names, excluded from places, shunned, and had rocks hurled at him, show the antagonism against the Japanese at that time which was encountered by almost all foreigners. Hence all of his acquaintances seemed to consist mainly of his own race; whereas, later in life, as we shall see, the tide turned for him and he found himself in quite an opposite position.

Successfully completing his high school course he received his diploma in three and one-half years (in the year 1917) from the Polytechnic High School. At that time it was considered in the Japanese social world quite remarkable, as a high school graduate was considered much as is a college

graduate at the present time. It seems that the Americans also felt the same way.

Y decided to enter college and take up electrical engineering. His credits were satisfactory and he entered the University of California at once. X, his father, believed in education and since he did not possess an education, he was happy to see his son studious. Being the older son he understood his responsibility to make good and studied hard. He boarded in Berkeley in a house where there were many other students of his own race and attended classes together, although all majored in different courses. They are all now successful in their own lines: a priest, lawyer, banker, mechanical engineer, dentist, doctor of philosophy, teacher, and chemist, which shows that on the average they were excellent students, destined to become successful.

Y took part in many activities among the fellow students of his own race. He served as the president of the Japanese Students Club at one time. The usual program was followed by Y--football games, tennis, socials, clubs, but mostly studying. During the summer, with a group of his friends he went to a country ranch and worked as a farmer--helping his parents by earning a little money for his tuition. Some worked hard enough to see their way through four years of college every summer vacation. This is very common among the Japanese stud-

ents from then until now.

Y graduated from the University of California in 1921, receiving his B.S. in Electrical Engineering. X, a first generation immigrant, was one of the proud fathers who witnessed his son's graduation exercises.

X had worked hard to send his son Y to college and his first wish was fulfilled by the completion of four years of college. But Y desired to go to a good Eastern University to put the finishing touch to his professional degree.

X wanted his son to succeed, so off he went back East, to Cornell University in Ithaca, New York. The expense of sending Y to school in the East was enormous, but X managed somehow by working harder and denying himself many things.

Y roomed with an American student from Pennsylvania, the son of a hotel keeper, who was majoring in Business Administration, and together they studied at the same university. During his two years at the university a teacher of electrical engineering, by the name of Prof. Vladimir Karapetoff, took a liking to him because of his character and studious and serious nature and helped him along. They got to be the best of friends, which later proved his friendship was the stepping stone to success. Here at Cornell he met and made many friends. Some Japanese students, sons of wealthy, prominent people, came from abroad. He also made

many friends among the American people of both sexes.

Y graduated in 1923 from the university, received his Master of Science Degree, and also was admitted to the Sigma Xi Honor Society. This was honor enjoyed by only a few Japanese students in the United States at that time.

He was ready for a position. Prof. Karapetoff offered to help him look for one. They left shortly together and attended an American Institute of Electrical Engineers meeting in New York City, and then applied at the General Electric Company, in Schenectady, New York. At the General Electric Company he was told he was not wanted because of his non-citizenship. With renewed effort he went to the Edison Electric Company; again the answer was: "no alien because of government contracts". These were barriers about which he could do nothing--an Asiatic was, under the law, non-eligible for citizenship.

But good luck was with them and Prof. Karapetoff helped him land a position, finally, with the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company in East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. His salary was to start with \$125.00 and raises were dependant on his efficiency. Within four months he had a \$25 raise. Normally, he found out, it was six to eight months before there was a raise, so he was delighted with his own success. He came back to his parents for a two week visit the next year.

It was the policy of the company to give employees two weeks vacation with pay after a year's employment. There was a happy reunion. X and his wife were the happiest of parents in welcoming back their son who had made good, and this was something in return for their investment.

He returned the second year after that, when he got engaged to an elder daughter of the former secretary to the Consul General of Japan in San Francisco. Y hesitated to marry because of his younger brother. He felt it his duty to take the responsibility of looking after him and his education. It was a typical Japanese custom. But after a year away he came back for his vacation again and this time a wedding took place. He left his bride and went back East (his wife stayed voluntarily to look after his younger brother who had been quite ill for over a year) so that he might save enough money for her to live with him as man and wife.

Now it seems that Y was so Americanized that even in procuring a mate, he had many conflicts. But he did not believe in inter-racial marriage, it seems. He was quite eligible from every standpoint, but he fought off all ideas of marrying an American girl, although there were times when it seemed inevitable. There are cases where many Japanese are married to respectable educated girls from prominent families.

A year later Y's wife left for the East, to live with him,

because now he was able to do so with two raises and savings. They set up housekeeping in a small way in E. Pittsburgh. Now Y's wife K. is also Japan-born. She came to the United States when she was nearly eighteen. She understands a little English, because she attended night-school. She had graduated from Girls' High School in Japan, and studied the art of house-keeping and the attending arts that most girls learn. She was of healthy stock and a hard-working family.

A few months later, the division to which Y was attached moved to Sharon, Pennsylvania, so they also were transferred. The Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company Sharon Plant is the world's largest maker of transformers. There were, originally, some seventy-five engineers, but due to the depression they have cut down the personnel and only thirty five or so remain, and Y is still employed regardless of some 40% cut in pay.

Y and his wife set up a family and they have two children (third generations), one girls, seven, and another, four both attending public school.

Y is active socially. He is considered unreplaceable by the company because he understands perfectly both the Japanese and the English languages. The Westinghouse Company has a branch office in Japan and does big business through it. Y has been translator, interpreter and consulting engineer, and

official greeter, and his work is considered excellent. He has designed many of the world's largest transformers for power purposes. He associates with the employee and employer alike. He is the only engineer regularly employed by the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company in the United States and one of the few Japanese engineers employed by any company.

Here are a few distinctions that prove he has assimilated the American ways necessary to get along in a locality where his family is the only Japanese or Oriental family within a radius of some seventy-five miles and where people are accepted by pure merit--not by color, race or creed. He served as president of the Cosmopolitan Club, a club made up of many prominent foreigners to foster good-will. He was scoutmaster a Troop of the Boy Scouts of America, Deputy Scout Commissioner of Shenango Valley and leader in youth activities. He lectures on many subjects (professional and also on Japanese-American good-will). He is active as one of the Board of Directors of a large club, known as the Bahl Club. He is active in sports--he and his wife hold the men's single, women's single, and mixed doubles championship titles of the county. He is also on the bowling team and also the volley-ball and basket-ball teams of the company.

He teaches Sunday school in a church. He plays golf, translates books pertaining to electricity essential to the

American Institute of Electrical Engineers, books and periodicals published in Japan. His wife plays, at society garden parties, a Japanese musical instrument, introducing Japanese music in the East, which is quite a novelty and entertainment.

These are some of the points which show that at least one of the immigrants is assimilating American living customs. True, it may be an exception, but it shows that environment, education, character and good luck go a long way in deciding the fate of an immigrant.

Miss X, about forty years of age, operates a small and simple beauty salon on one of the streets in the Japanese community of San Francisco.

Miss X was born in Tokushima-Ken, Japan. Her mother and father were in their thirties when she was born. Both parents are still alive now, are in their seventies and living in Tokushima-Ken. There were four girls in the family, of which Miss X was the second. The family earned their living by farming -- raising rice, wheat and various other vegetables.

Miss X started school when she was five years old. She tells me she was quite mischievous and a tom-boy. I learned that she was quite weak in health when she was young, and also that she was operated upon -- that she was a hermaphrodite. This is an interesting thing to note because of her life which is quite unique.

Miss X's father had one ambition, to send her through normal school, and make her "Japan's finest girl". When she finished high school she was sent to Tokyo to study, in order to pass examinations to enter Normal School. She found a place to board -- which happened to be the place of a woman judo professor (jiu-jitsu); this she did NOT know until a few days later. Miss X watched the instructions by

by the woman professor through an opening in the wall for weeks. Whenever she had the opportunity she did this and learned much of the art of judo that way. One day she ventured into the gymnasium and happened to take part in one of the drills with a pupil for fun, while the woman professor was away. This pupil happened to tell the professor on her return of her surprise in witnessing Miss X show skill in judo, when she had only watched to learn what she knew. The professor saw possibilities in her and told her so, but that she was too thin and physically unfit for that form of sport. However, Miss X insisted that she desired instruction. The professor consented finally, and so she joined one of her classes and practised daily while she was there. She passed the "ex" for entrance to the normal school and entered. Without much she got through somehow. Her health improved considerably after she started gymnasium work.

After graduation she wanted to continue, but her father was having a difficult time making both ends meet due to depression then. But her father consented, and she was sent to Tokyo to study physical education. In Tokyo she attended Professor Kano's School of physical education. Professor Kano is rated as Japan's finest and best judo teacher. She studied under him, receiving personal instruc-

tion from him in the morning and from one of his assistants in the afternoon. Thus she studied for months. Then she came back to Tokushima and was induced by the principal of her school to take the Ministry of Education examination. The only woman entrant, she passed with honors. She returned to Professor Kano's to study again and studied "bone-connecting" (Japanese for chiropractics). Somehow, due to "unfortunate circumstances" she tired of the educational life and went to Kyoto.

While in Kyoto, she became engaged to a man who was to be sent to the Philippines by the government. She attended judo classes and a maternity school for midwifery in preparation for her work. She finished this school, then returned to Tokyo to study chiropractics more fully. She took a government examination with three hundred fifty entrants of whom four were girls and all judo experts (as only judo experts were allowed to take the "ex"). She was the only woman to pass and she got much publicity from newspapers, etc. all over Japan. Although no women have "degrees" of proficiency in Japan -- such as first, second, etc., she was judged "san-dan" or third degree judo expert, which is quite high indeed. Later her engagement was broken, but due to her publicity and popularity she had many offers to marry arranged by intermediaries, but "it just wasn't in the

stars".

In 1922 she was sent to Dairen, Manchuria to a Girls' Normal School there, as physical education instructor; here there were many Chinese pupils who spoke Japanese fluently. The professor (dean) was a socialist who "slammed" Japan and praised America so highly that Miss X got an urge to go to America. Hence in 1924, a few days before the exclusion act went into effect she reached America -- San Francisco -- from Manchuria. She likes America, is indefinite about the future plans, but says she is studying many things.

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Miss X started school when she was five years old. She tells me she was quite mischievous and a tom-boy. I learned that she was quite weak in health when she was young, and also that she was operated upon -- that she was a hermaphrodite. This is an interesting thing to note because of her life which is quite unique.

Miss X's father had one ambition, to send her through normal school, and make her "Japan's finest girl". When she finished high school she was sent to Tokyo to study, in order to pass examinations to enter Normal School. She found a place to board -- which happened to be the place of a woman judo professor (jiu-jitsu); this she did not know until a few days later. Miss X watched the instructions by

by the woman professor through an opening in the wall for weeks. Whenever she had the opportunity she did this and learned much of the art of judo that way. One day she ventured into the gymnasium and happened to take part in one of the drills with a pupil for fun, while the woman professor was away. This pupil happened to tell the professor on her return of her surprise in witnessing Miss X show skill in judo, when she had only watched to learn what she knew. The professor saw possibilities in her and told her so, but that she was too thin and physically unfit for that form of sport. However, Miss X insisted that she desired instruction. The professor consented finally, and so she joined one of her classes and practised daily while she was there. She passed the "ex" for entrance to the normal school and entered. Without much she got through somehow. Her health improved considerably after she started gymnasium work.

After graduation she wanted to continue, but her father was having a difficult time making both ends meet due to depression then. But her father consented, and she was sent to Tokyo to study physical education. In Tokyo she attended Professor Kano's School of physical education. Professor Kano is rated as Japan's finest and best judo teacher. She studied under him, receiving personal instruc-

tion from him in the morning and from one of his assistants in the afternoon. Thus she studied for months. Then she came back to Tokushima and was induced by the principal of her school to take the Ministry of Education examination. The only woman entrant, she passed with honors. She returned to Professor Kano's to study again and studied "bone-connecting" (Japanese for chiropractics). Somehow, due to "unfortunate circumstances" she tired of the educational life and went to Kyoto.

While in Kyoto, she became engaged to a man who was to be sent to the Philippines by the government. She attended judo classes and a maternity school for midwifery in preparation for her work. She finished this school, then returned to Tokyo to study chiropractics more fully. She took a government examination with three hundred fifty entrants of whom four were girls and all judo experts (as only judo experts were allowed to take the "ex"). She was the only woman to pass and she got much publicity from newspapers, etc. all over Japan. Although no women have "degrees" of proficiency in Japan -- such as first, second, etc., she was judged "san-dan" or third degree judo expert, which is quite high indeed. Later her engagement was broken, but due to her publicity and popularity she had many offers to marry arranged by intermediaries, but "it just wasn't in the

stars".

In 1922 she was sent to Dairen, Manchuria to a Girls' Normal School there, as physical education instructor; here there were many Chinese pupils who spoke Japanese fluently. The professor (dean) was a socialist who "slammed" Japan and praised America so highly that Miss X got an urge to go to America. Hence in 1924, a few days before the exclusion act went into effect she reached America -- San Francisco -- from Manchuria. She likes America, is indefinite about the future plans, but says she is studying many things.

Mrs. T., a widow, now teaching in a Japanese school connected with a Japanese Christian church, was born near the southern tip of the Idzu peninsula (a hundred miles southwest of Yokohama), near Shimoda, the port at which Commodore Perry first made official contact with Japan. The year of her birth I place about 1895.

Her parents were proprietors of a combined inn and bath-house at a small hot-spring spa. As this place was not as famous as some of the other hot-spring resorts which dot the Idzu region, her parents made a bare living for their numerous children. With the exception of Mrs. T., the children grew up in the village, went to the village public school and aided in their parents' establishment. Mrs. T., then a girl of fifteen, while on a bicycle ride one day, met an American missionary. This woman had, alone, and for many years, conducted a small mission in a neighboring village. They met at a small road-side tea-stand, designed mainly for passing farmers and carters. After a friendly chat together they both continued on, riding their bicycles, and finally arrived at the missionary's house.

This was the beginning of a friendship that finally developed to the point where Mrs. T., went to live with the missionary, as a sort of combined servant, companion and pupil.

After two or three years the girl showed such promise as a Christian convert and evangelist, that the missionary arranged to have her attend a Christian girls' school which was run by women missionaries in a nearby city.

After a three or four year course at this school, she graduated and returned to live with the missionary friend in the country village.

While engaged in religious work, helping her friend, she met a young Japanese man, who had become a convert to Christianity and was an attendant at the small chapel. He was a school teacher in the village primary school.

In every Japanese public school there hangs a portrait of the Emperor. To this portrait, extreme honor is paid. It is treated as a god. In case of fire, should this portrait be consumed by fire or damaged, the humiliation to the teacher (or janitor if there be one) is so severe that suicide frequently results. Daily obeisances to the portrait by the congregated pupils are the rule.

After the young husband became a Christian, some difficulty regarding this portrait arose. Just what, I do not know, as Mrs. T. appeared reluctant to go into details. I have known of many cases in which foreign missionaries (not Japanese) have got themselves, their pupils and their schools into serious trouble by refusing to allow the deep obeisance to the Emperor's

portrait by their pupils. Others have incurred the wrath of the authorities by merely teaching that such obeisances were akin to idolatry.

Another woman of my acquaintance was struck by a policeman and marched off to jail for refusing to remove her hat while waiting to see an Imperial prince pass by.

In Mr. T.'s case, judging from hearsay from people, (none of whom seem to have first-hand knowledge of the case), I conclude that Mr. T., being at heart a patriotic Japanese, merely tried to instil into his pupils' minds that the Emperor was their beloved ruler and leader, but that he was not descended from the Sun-God; nor was there any God but the one, Jehovah. Whatever the details, the governmental vials of wrath opened, Mr. T. lost his job, and became a village pariah. His own parents disowned him.

A few agonizing months passed, during which time it was only the teachings of the Christian religion and the comforting counsel of the missionary friend, that prevented Mr. T. from taking the usual Japanese way out: suicide.

Finally, the missionary was able to work on the feelings of Mr. T.'s parents enough to get a small amount of cash out of them. She herself (or her mission associates) contributed more, some Japanese Christian friends also chipped in, and a sum was secured, sufficient to purchase two steerage tickets

to Los Angeles for Mr. T. and his wife.

Arriving there, they were met by American friends of the missionary, and were lodged with an American family for a few weeks, while they looked around and got their bearings. They finally settled in a small country town in which was a denominational college, affiliated with the mission in Japan. For lack of anything better, Mr. T. worked around the college in various capacities, such as janitor, gardener, and watchman.

The story became known somewhat among the Japanese in nearby towns and both Mr. and Mrs. T. found themselves cold-shouldered, unless they confined themselves to associating with Japanese Christians. Even these could not conceal a vague uneasiness at contact with a man who was in the Japanese Government's "black book".

Mr. T., not having uprooted himself from Japan from any adventuring, emigrant spirit, never got over the shock of his expatriation. At the end of about three years, he died, apparently of broken heart, although the certificate read "tuberculosis".

Mrs. T., unable to bear life around the scene of her husband's Gethsemane, came to Northern California, with the assistance and guidance of Christian friends, both American and Japanese.

She lives here now, with one daughter, aged about fif-

teen. She supports herself by sewing, dress-making, and in the afternoon teaching an hour or so in the Japanese Christian school before mentioned.

The home is merely a couple of rented rooms in the home of a Japanese family. The furniture is sketchy, the articles that seem to be objects of affection are mostly Japanese hanging scrolls (kakemono) and objects of lacquer ware. Although Mrs. T., in public, wears American dress, she is fond of wearing a Japanese kimono in the evenings in her own home, when friends come in for a chat and a cup of tea.

I saw no portrait of the Emperor, but there was an atrocious colored lithograph of Christ, and an enlarged crayon picture of her dead husband.

The daughter, born in Southern California, is a queer mixture, now in adolescence. One moment, pensive and dutiful, the next in a rage over some reproof by her mother. Although she is supposed to learn the Japanese language in the school in which her mother teaches, her mother laughingly remarked that I knew more Japanese than the daughter. I was able to think of the Japanese word for "horse radish" before the girl could think of it, although it was a thing she was eating on fish frequently. The girl seems to be bothered with no thought of ever returning to Japan. She has a bad case of "calf-love" over a young Japanese university student and looks forward to a romantic life of bliss in America.

I was born on June 28th, 1909, Sunday night to be exact, in a small flat on Pine Street, in San Francisco near the Laurel Hill Cemetery. I was the second child in the family. My brother is twelve years older than myself and we are the only two children, both boys.

At the time of my birth my parents were only fixed moderately, speaking financially, and the four of us lived in that little flat together with another family. My father was engaged as a "day-worker" in American families--he had contracts to clean houses, steps and windows. Such men are now known as home maintenance men or house cleaners. The wages then were good, as in other lines, and though living expenses were higher, we lived on lower than American standards, and managed to get along comfortably while saving amply for the future.

As far as I remember my childhood seems faintly insignificant with regard to unusual or out-of-the-ordinary happenings. Being born of parents who loved children, and being a boy and also the baby, I was pampered and spoiled. When I was nearly three or so, we moved up the street between Presidio and Lyon Street to a small house back from the street. We were the only Japanese family on that block--the owner, a woman by the name of Queen, lived in the front. I remember on

Easter mornings there was always an Easter basket in the front door nook, and I always thought until I was older that a bunny was responsible. The owner was delighted at my happiness--she was widow and lived with her grown daughter.

One day on a cold winter morning my brother Masa, returned home from school with a fever, and my mother made him a hot-water bottle and put him to bed. Jubilant at my brother's return from school, I jumped on my brother's bed, and the move somehow or other made the bottle explode and scalded me from my chest down. At my scream, my father, who was down in the basement, making kindling wood, ran upstairs and luckily keeping his wits, he reached for a can of Crisco and smeared me at once with it. I was seriously burned, the doctors doubted my recovery, but due to the quick action on the part of my father, and the nursing of all, I recovered without a trace of even a scar.

Outside of childhood ills I was a normal ordinary kid. Though I was bad and mischievous at times, it seems I was quieter than the average child, a "timid when out, but a lion at home" type. The neighborhood playmates were international in character as is the order in general of the metropolis of San Francisco. My playmates consisted of boys in the neighborhood for a radius of three blocks. Strange as it may seem, all nationalities were represented: Irish, Jewish, Negroes,



Swedes, Spanish and 57 other varieties of color except Japanese. We exchanged phrases in each others' language and we were just a melting pot of our own. Fight? Yes! We called names and fought, but on the average we played together without malice at skating, making mud pies, bicycle riding and games. I was never lonely for playmates, but the language that I picked up would never have been tolerated if my parents understood English. However, they knew only the Japanese language, which I scarcely understood, except for everyday usage at home. English was my chosen language, although later as I grew older and started to go to school and was taught Japanese at home, I made an even average of both. My other favorite pastime was harboring the district stray dogs and cats and anything that could be made a pet. They came and went, but I always managed to have at least a dog.

When I was nine, we moved once again, this time three blocks northeast, a block from the place of my birth, to a three story dilapidated flat on the corner of California and Baker Streets. The flat was so old that every time a heavy gale blew or a heavy truck passed by, the house would sway three inches in each direction. The other day I met a cable car gripman who has been on the line 25 years. He told me that was a "haunted house". The nerve of that fellow! Anyhow, it's torn down now and a magnificent apartment stands in

its place. The rent was \$14.00 and there was no electricity. Coincidentally, my older brother became an electrical engineer. We lived there for over eight years, when finally we decided that the house was not safe for our health. Although the building inspector said it was O.K., we felt that the inspector had a crush on the widow owner who was extremely pretty, so we moved when I was fifteen. That was ten years ago, and at that time my father bought a house on Bush Street near Laguna, near Japanese Town. The interesting part of this is that, at that time, houses to rent were extremely hard to find, because of the prejudice against the yellow races. Even if the owners consented, the neighbors protested, and vice versa. At some places, the windows had pasted on them "No Orientals"; few places still have this practise. So there was only this left to consider: to buy a house. We did, at the price of some \$8,000.

During my years at the California Street address, I attended first a Japanese school, where they had an American teacher to teach English and a Japanese teacher to instruct us in the language of our parents. I went as far as the fifth grade and then enrolled at the Emerson school in the third grade. It was a regular procedure in those times to attend a Japanese school to prepare for enrollment in the city public school. My experience in the primary grades were noteworthy,

but it holds true I believe of all students, and I was no exception. I "skipped" the low fifth grade and graduated to the Roosevelt Grammar School on First Avenue, in the summer of 1921. I remember we had a graduation play, "Nathan Hale". Though I was in it, all I had was a school-boy part. I stood up in the second act and said, "Let us all go". The play has always stood out in my mind, because of the significance of the patriotism of one Nathan Hale.

Together with four boys I enrolled at the Roosevelt School after leaving Emerson. It was slightly irregular, but I enrolled at Roosevelt because there were no Japanese at that school. I believed my attendance at a school as free as possible from the influence and environment of my own race would help me assimilate more completely American ideals and customs. Also, it was nearer, and my brother had graduated from there some years back. My friends and my pal were Caucasians and I was becoming more "Americanized" every year. I have often thought these past few years why people wonder why I am this way when I am a Japanese, why I am the only Japanese they have met who is not so and so. Their questions would be answered if they would only think that the way I was raised--environment, playmates, training, education--all made me an American, "white" except for my looks--one thing that cannot be changed.

My school days at the Roosevelt School were some of my

most joyful and interesting experiences. I was the only Japanese student and I made many friends in the school, possibly because I fitted in so well with them, since my playmates and friends had always been mostly, if not totally, of races other than the Japanese. Often I dream of my school days, and it is mostly of "that old gang of mine." I was in the school orchestra, playing or rather trying to play the saxophone; I made fairly good posters, for one of which I once received a prize. I made pretty good marks, in fact better than in all my school days combined. I walked to and from school with the "gang", was late and had to stay after school many times too. We ate lunch, consisting of "hot dogs" and soda and candy; we didn't think of vitamins then. We had a "crabby" teacher, but from the point of discipline, I realize now, it was good for us. She cried when we graduated, and said we were "the best and the worst" class she ever had. I hear one of the members of that class is in San Quentin Penitentiary. Yes, but there are numbers of those classmate friends of mine who are now successful and worthy former Rooseveltians too.

I got my diploma, but three weeks before the exercises, I caught a cold which developed into pneumonia. For a few days I hung near death. It was double pneumonia, but through the nursing of my mother and the grace of God, I recovered somehow. I remember that a pal of mine brought me my diploma and met the

doctor going out. He left it for me and went, and I haven't seen him since. I regret to this day that I didn't "graduate" with the class and wish I had said goodbye and good luck to them all.

I was fourteen then, and didn't understand much. The doctor told me to take things easy. I didn't, and two weeks later I was down with heart attacks. That was the start of two full years of illness and handicaps. I was flat on my back for a full year, and I couldn't even turn over without palpitation of my heart, and a bit of excitement would almost make me go crazy. After doctors and specialists and X-Rays and hospitals or diets and medicines, I was able first to sit up, then to walk around in the house, around the block, and so on until I finally regained strength.

My dear mother, who was very small and also suffered from a chronic heart disease, passed away. I am sure it was because of the strain of taking care of me and worrying. Previous to that she had to nurse my day, also, because he was suffering from an ailment of the stomach. I didn't understand what death meant or anything then. I was sixteen, and one would think that was old enough to realize what had happened. I find many who felt the same way I did--something was missing afterwards, you missed someone, but somehow or other it did not reach home. In the last two or three years, I have often thought if only

my mother was alive, if only I had done this and that for her.

Well, I had lost two years of school, and also two important years of boyhood. I decided not to lose any more time and I entered Hamilton Junior High School in the summer of 1926. Unlike Roosevelt, here was a school, mostly of Japanese students, since it was near the Japanese section. I went because it was the nearest and because by this time, I had made many friends among my own race, for the place where we lived was just off the edge of the Japanese "town", on Bush Street near Laguna.

I made many friends at Hamilton, for it was international in its scope. In the full year I was there, there never was a dull moment, for in a year I crammed enough to make up for my lost two years. I studied, but from the marks I received at the end of the term, I guess I had "fun" instead of doing much serious studying. Maybe I deserved it anyhow. I graduated and got my diploma with the required 56 points, although I "flunked" in typing. It wasn't because I was not good at it, but because I had too much fun. I was in the special boys' chorus, I made posters, I was the "bell" ringer for the periods, and a teacher's pet in one class and a teacher's pest in another. On different days it was vice versa, all depending on the teacher's mood and my actions. Mrs. Rauer, now a teacher at the Everett Jr. High once said that I was the most ill-man-

nered Japanese boy in Hamilton. When I saw her recently she greeted me with a smile and remembered me, but was surprised to find me so changed.

I got my diploma in June, 1927, and decided to go East to my big brother. He was married, had a child and was connected with the Westinghouse company as an electrical engineer, and was drawing a good salary. My dad agreed that it was the best thing to do. I had no mother to look after me and my chances of success were greater back East. So I went, two months after close of school. My Dad went with me to accompany me and also for the trip. We finally reached Sharon, Pennsylvania, a suburb between Pittsburgh and Cleveland; it was here my brother lived and worked. We rested for two days and then the whole family went to see Niagara Falls, and returned contented. This was the first time I had gone further than Sacramento in my whole life. I realized this was a large world after all. My Dad returned to S.F. and in a week I settled down to adjust myself to a newly acquired environment. It didn't take me long to feel at home. My brother's family had been there for six years, and were the only Japanese family for a radius of 75 miles. There were only a half dozen or so others at scattered points, except in New York and Chicago where there were a few hundred of them.

My brother was active socially and culturally and knew

practically the whole town. In Sharon's population of 25,000 I was again conspicuous. Some of the people there had never seen an ocean like the Pacific, nor ships, nor had they travelled across the continent. Likewise they had not seen another Japanese outside of my brother's family. I made friends, the whole town knew me by sight, if not personally, and I got to know a lot of people. They all treated me wonderfully, without a trace of race prejudice, and I forgot I was a "Jap" for once in my life during the two years I was there. Maybe I would have married a "white" girl if I had continued living there. Anyhow, though it may seem impossible, the chances are that it would be more than a radical idea. Educated gentlemen and scholars, or officers in the government service were the Japanese who visited the region. Therefore the populace believed that all Japanese were wonderful. Here the Japanese were unlike those on the Pacific Coast, the large proportion of whom are laborers and a few of whom are "black sheep". Where there are a great many people of a certain race there is bound to be prejudice and misunderstanding, I believe. Here in San Francisco I haven't had much discrimination, but still I feel that I am losing out in many things because I am a Japanese. However, more than the average born Japanese I feel that I am getting just as much or more in return for my allegiance to the American flag as a citizen, and every square deal

I get renews my belief in the American ideals.

I entered Sharon High School in September in the sophomore year. Again I was the only Japanese student, and this time the first and only one who had ever attended that school of 2500 students. When I enrolled at Sharon High School, I had with me a diploma from Hamilton Junior High School. This accounts for my being registered in the sophomore year class. However, I had to suffer the loss of a number of credits, due to the credit rating differences occurring in my transfer from one state to another, especially so far apart as California and Pennsylvania. The school boasted added subjects and courses from those of California, yet there were many subjects and courses unfamiliar to me. To this was added the unfamiliar way of the Easterners and a new environment. I started out therefore, with determination, but with skepticism, as to whether I would be able to assimilate my newly acquired environment or always look and be out of step with these so-called Easterners.

From the first day of school I was a very much pointed-out man, as a novelty, as a student, as the younger brother of "Mori", as a Japanese, and as a Californian. The teachers expected everything of me from the start, mostly because I was a different type, some "new species" to be taught the intricacies of high school life. They regarded me as a scientist

would a guinea-pig. It may have been interesting from an outsider's point of view, but from my standpoint it was all very embarrassing and trying. Here I was, very much an American citizen, like the rest of the student body, yet my color which made me a Japanese differentiated me from the others. I was constantly observed and studied by the faculty who expected the unusual of me, whereas by the students I was regarded as a unique person, from many points of view.

Despite these conditions, I did not feel overly self-conscious, nor did I feel that my position was either a handicap or an asset. In one or another, I felt important, of course, but not enough to give me a superiority complex. For two years I did not speak to another Japanese student, nor see another of my own race, outside of my brother's family and an occasional visitor who stayed only a few days.

I got by somehow with my studies in school, though I was no exceptional student in general, except perhaps in art and English, and I finished the sophomore year. Due to my previous heart trouble, I did not participate in sports and was excused from physical education. To this day I regret that I have missed the one thing important and desirable at adolescence--athletics. Art was my most outstanding subject. I was on the art staff of the school and won a prize on different occasions. With regard to my other subjects, I was an average

student, adverse to home work, doing fine when I got a streak of a studying spell, and dull when there were other pastimes such as spring fever, day-dreaming, thinking about other things than school, and so on. In other words I was such a typical and ordinary student that one teacher called me aside one day after almost a year in her class and asked me why I wasn't different from the others and acted just like them, delinquent sometimes. She said that my brother was such an uplifting citizen, that the others expected so much of me, and so on. I told her why I shouldn't be any different from the others; that my environment, my training, my education, my friends, my teachers, everything including my ideals were American; that therefore I couldn't be anything else than what I was. Without much more ado, she understood, I guess, for she never questioned me thereafter, and treated me just like the other students. The queer part of the whole thing was that this was the approach made to every unfamiliar nationality. If a Japanese troupe of acrobats should come to the city's theatre and perform, then it was assumed that all Japanese were good acrobats, and so on down the line. They were inclined to take one representative of a race and expect all the rest to be like him too, or at least nearly so.

I didn't have to worry about anything outside of my school work, because I was living with my brother's family.

It was school, going with the "gang", football, basket-ball games, shows, taking the car out for a spin, ice-skating, swimming, and most anything a fellow did in that vicinity. Yes, a group of us, including four or five of the varsity football team were expelled once for smoking in secret one recess hour. For a week, we started out with lunch to the school, supposedly, and went on tramps through the hills and almost anywhere our parents wouldn't know about. The corner store "took care" of the books, and each day at the usual time we went home, as if from school. The lunch was enjoyable, but it was winter, and the temperature was near 20 degrees or so. By the end of the week, the penalty had soaked in well enough. We'll never forget one day of that week. We went to the next town, called Youngstown, Ohio, and went to a "show". As we came out, we missed the principal's wife by a couple of steps. Did we thank our guardian angel!

Well, the next summer vacation of three months, June, July and August, were spent in golf on the public links, trips here and there, and small doings. My brother got two weeks vacation, and one week of that we spent in travel. My brother, his wife, a baby a year old, and I went by auto to Washington, D.C. and other points. We drove, alternately, on this 1,000 mile trip, and took in much of that section between Northwestern Pennsylvania and Northern Virginia. Washington, D.C. was

our destination and we spent two days there. We saw almost everything there, and then went to Mt. Vernon and Gettysburg. It was a very enjoyable as well as an educational trip. After all the miles we travelled, we had a blowout on our return, just as we entered the limits of our town.

I went through half my Junior year term, and then began to get homesick for dear old California. That was in the winter of '28. I wrote home to Dad and after many letters back and forth, all pertaining to my welfare, my dear father, so lenient with me ever, succumbed to my pleadings and sent me the fare. I hopped the Transcontinental in the end of January, 1929, bound for California and the coming of depression.

My reasons for my returning? There are many, but as a whole, I was just plain homesick. Old friends couldn't be forgotten; I missed the environment that was so dear from my birth; I preferred my Dad to my brother and sister-in-law, although they were 100% good to me; I couldn't understand, I was only eighteen, the feeling that it would take me too long to get used to the eastern environment--all these contributed in making each toot of a locomotive in the distance haunt me.

Yes, I did return, the return of the prodigal. There were welcomes, there were "how come you're back", there were advices, there were regrets at my return, but I was back--and I meant to see it through.

Refreshed with being home again, and my mind broadened with travel, I felt that my life was brighter. It did not take me long to get accustomed to my familiar surroundings once again. During the two years of my absence, many things had changed: the surroundings, friends, happenings, news. Somehow or other I felt as if I had missed a great deal, but I was never sorry that I had been away and had had a taste of some other place, that I had learned that this world did not consist of only San Francisco and its boundaries. My Dad was glad to see me again, but at the same time sorry that I wouldn't stay and so benefit from the advantages back East. Dad wasn't able to work hard because of a chronic illness in the form of a bad skin disease, so we weren't well fixed financially then.

I entered Polytechnic High School in the Junior year, but the necessity of making some money became apparent, although not absolutely essential because we were obtaining enough money from the rent of the house we owned to be able to supply ourselves with the necessities of life. Like others who made the same mistake, I quit school and got myself a job. The job was with a goldfish store, and I was a salesman and driver. I was eighteen then. After three months of this, I gave it up for a position as chauffeur for a well-to-do American family. The wages were \$100 a month with room and board and "tips" besides. Unfortunately, after four months the family moved South. I

then went to work as a clerk in a high class Japanese hotel. The owner happened to be a friend of my father's and I stayed there for half a year. By this time I began to realize the importance of continuing my high school education. Thus I looked for a position with hours which would enable me to attend an Evening High School.

I found myself next working as a laundry wagon driver for a Japanese firm. The hours were long--from six in the morning till six in the evening. After my work was over I attended the Evening High School of Commerce from seven to nine fifteen nightly. The work was physically too strenuous and I took sick, so with the family doctor in conference I quit. There was nothing else to do now but to go to school, so I enrolled at the Galileo High School as a student. I was then twenty years of age.

Without going into my life more fully, I got married and that was the end of my school days. I attended fully four years of school, but due to insufficient credits I did not graduate. I was then just twenty-two and my wife was sixteen. Depression had gotten under way, and it certainly wasn't the appropriate time to get married. To make matters worse a daughter was born to us a year later. Previous to our marriage, I had a certain amount of financial security. I had a sport roadster, jobs were plentiful, and a five dollar bill was like

a nickel is now. I had a job off and on, though the only job it seemed I could do was driving a car. The wages for this type of work were better than for other work, and since my health wasn't altogether too good, I took driving jobs in preference to any others.

I happened to have for my first employer an extremely unusual woman. She had been in San Francisco not three months, but since her favorite pastime seemed to be that of changing servants, I was the fifth chauffeur, not counting other changes in maids and cooks. By the way, the last I heard, after almost three years, is that she now has the fourteenth driver for her dilapidated Lincoln car. Her wages were \$50 a month and a "case of nerves". Anyhow, I couldn't, like the others, last on that job either and I went to work for a lady out in the Mission District as a driver. She had a Cadillac limousine, and the hours were from seven in the morning till seven thirty in the evening. I had to help the cook, houseclean, run errands, maintain the car and drive, all for \$40 a month and no days off. She even refused me New Year's Day off. I asked her, and she said: "You don't want much, do you?" She even asked me to buy myself a uniform, at a cost of \$25. Deducting carfare and all, a man with a family couldn't do much on that--especially when he catches a cold, asks for a day off, and gets his salary deducted for it. So I was fired. All hail American standard of

living! But then she wasn't a true American, and it's the likes of her that brought on the depression. After that, to show that I wasn't to blame on the previous job, the eccentric lady called me up and asked me to come back. I did, but only for a month or so. Since then, as far as money making positions are concerned, I have been unable to obtain one.

During those times I was the secretary of my church, a non-remunerative position regarded as social work. Because of my ability to understand the Japanese as well as the English language, I was able to fill that position. In the meanwhile, I studied under the Bishop of the church in preparation for priesthood. Possibly I did this because it was the custom in our family. Even our ancestors were very much religious it seems. My great grandfather died in prison due to religious prosecution because he was staunch in his belief, my uncle is an ordained priest, my father was ordained, also (he spent his youth in a temple), my mother was extremely religious, my brother teaches Sunday School back East, and so. I couldn't help it, I guess, it's fate.

Last November, I was officially ordained, receiving the title Shodo, meaning Sho--truth, and Do--road. Here is how it appeared in the papers: "San Francisco youth to be ordained priest--Joe Morisue, well known local youth, will be officially ordained as a Nichiren Buddhist Priest at a ceremony to be

held at the local Nichiren Temple of America, Head Temple, this Sunday, November 19. By serving at the temple for the past three years and acquiring an excellent reputation, he has been recommended as the first second generation Nichiren priest on the Pacific Coast", and so there I was! For the past year and to this day I have been serving as a priest. I have been going on lecture tours, conducting funeral services and different services and ceremonies with the Bishop up and down the coast in our many branch temples. There are and have been enough interesting experiences attached to my work to fill a book, but above all, the work is interesting, it builds character, reputation, offers a chance to meet people, it is educational and gives prestige. I believe social work of this sort is the most outstanding in times like these in which we need spiritual recovery together with national recovery.

The outstanding development in my life for the past year is my appreciation of the relief administration, federal, state and city, which made it possible for my family to be clothed, fed and have shelter, and medical aid, and above all gave us moral support. The wonderful care my wife was accorded by the staff of the San Francisco Hospital can never be forgotten. Possibly it is worth mentioning--I have related it to many. They gave pre-natal care; there were courteous nurses and doctors; we had the baby at home--a phone call--within 20 minutes

we had a doctor--a fine interne, a registered nurse, and three other nurses in our home to care for my wife--it was 1:30 in the morning--and the baby arrived at 5:00; they were out of the house by 6:00, everything was in order, we were at ease, and there wasn't a thing overlooked. I believe if we had paid for it all, we wouldn't have received better medical service. Thereafter for ten days, each morning a nurse came, bathed the baby, attended to the wife and did everything within the hour she was there, and in the afternoon a doctor and a nurse came to see them. Wouldn't anybody be happy and grateful for all that?

All this gives anybody more faith and belief and allegiance to the American flag if anything. I don't think any nation in the world has such a plan. Every place I went in regard to my relief, I was accorded the most courteous treatment, and given more hope, instead of more disgust. Another thing, if there is such a thing as race prejudice among co-relief recipients, I haven't seen any. Except in one or two cases, it's always "we're in the same boat". Maybe going through all this will make toward better fellowship than anything before attempted.

This being an autobiography, it may be interesting to show what one unemployed has for hobbies. My hobbies are few: I like to tune in long-distance on my radio, to the dissatis-

faction of friend wife ("favorite American pastime"); I like to read--I get an average of eight magazines a week and four books from the local library, and read any others I get my hands on; I attend lectures; I go for a walk--sometimes I walk for eight miles, both for exercise and recreation; I fix things around the house, and work for the church; and meet people. My social recreation is limited for the time being in accordance with my economic and financial status. My hobbies are mild and safe, but I prefer them to more gaudy, exciting ones possibly accompanied by more risk.

Almost everyone residing in San Francisco knows the Cliff House, and most of the visitors to our city have been to the Cliff House and looked at the seals on the Seal Rocks. Well, right at the cliff where one obtains an obstructed view, stands an architectural structure, unmistakably Japanese, a Japanese tea-house and restaurant; the owner is Mr. S.K., a refined Japanese gentleman, fifty or older.

Mr. K. was born in Hiroshima-ken, Japan. He served as an officer in the Imperial Japanese Navy at the time of the Russo-Japanese War. His spirit has never changed in devotion to his country and Emperor. I understand that during the Shanghai incident, the Manchukuo affair, and the conference in Geneva, his indignation was so aroused at the misunderstanding of Japan's policy, that he repeatedly sent telegrams overseas voicing his staunch support of his government's policy. All felt the same as Mr. K. in that respect, but it shows the extreme patriotism of Mr. K.

Since the Seal Rocks is one of the show places of San Francisco, and Mr. K.'s restaurant occupies such an imposing and excellent location, he has been the envy of the neighboring concession proprietors who are so jealous of the location that, on many occasions, they have caused Mr. K. quite a concern by their actions directly and indirectly. All because he

is a "Jap". And to think of the nationality of some of the neighbors, why, I don't blame Mr. K. for being boiling mad and laughed with him at the same time, when I was obtaining this interview. Racial prejudice is quite amusing at times.

During the prohibition era he was harassed continually by "prohis", tipped falsely by "someone", who half wrecked the place by conducting raids which always proved unsuccessful in the way of finding anything illegal. However they persisted in following "tips", and making raids by orders from headquarters. K. complained at times, when it became so unbearable, to the Japanese Consulate office, but to no avail. It was always the policy of their office, not to meddle in Federal affairs. He grew dissatisfied with justice in this country, and more than ever, upheld the foreign policy of his country and advocated the recognition of Japan as a world power. Prince Takamatsu was a guest of the Ks' at the time of his tour in America, also, more recently, Prince Kaya. K. is most proud of that honor. At the time of the Russo-Japanese War he was one of the officers under Admiral Togo, the naval hero of Japan. He is active in the Japanese colony social life. He is well known and liked by many.

The subject is a Japanese-Irish Eurasian, born in Japan, aged about fifty, and unmarried.

As this man has once moved from one city to another on account of my having penetrated his identity, I shall purposely make identifying details vague, endeavoring however to preserve the essential facts from which conclusions of scientific value may be drawn.

This man, let us call him Mr. A., is the illegitimate son of one of the European technicians called to Japan by the Japanese Government as advisors, early in the Meiji era. The father rendered very important services to the Japanese Government in its attempt to modernize itself after its sleep of 300 years under the Tokugawas. As a result he was decorated by the Emperor and returned abroad possessed of quite a competence.

Of the liaison between this foreigner and the Japanese girl, about whom I know very little, several children were born. On account of the irregular nature of their parents' union, they were placed in the care of various mission schools; some of the children were raised as Catholics, and others as Protestants. Having no legal right to their father's name, each adopted a surname according to his personal fancy. Mr. A. having been educated in a French Catholic school and

speaking French, translated his father's surname into French, it being of such a nature that translation was possible. One of his brothers, a Protestant, used his mother's maiden surname, and made no attempt to conceal his mixed blood. Regarding another, I have always had certain ideas but they have been denied by everyone to whom I have spoken regarding the matter. The suspicion that I have is that a certain man of my acquaintance, holding himself out to be a pure-blooded Japanese, is really another of these brothers. His surname is a translation into Japanese of the same father's surname that the other brother translated into French. This brother holds a position under the Japanese that would not be possible, according to my ideas, if it were widely known that he was an Eurasian. His appearance is the most Japanese of all, also his physique. However he is also the most handsome of them all, and if he is pure Japanese, he is the forerunner of a new day in Japanese male beauty. Incidentally, the Japanese are now beginning to say that the Japanese race is becoming better looking than before. (See Toyohiko Kagawa's CHRIST AND JAPAN, Friendship Press, 1934, page 8.)

While I was living in Japan it was known to me that the Gallicized brother was in America, but I was unable to learn his address until shortly before my departure for America. It is a remarkable co-incidence that on returning to America

an old time American friend took me to a club luncheon in a building and during the luncheon told me that the club secretary-manager was a Frenchman but born in Japan. At this moment this man came by where we were sitting and my friend introduced us, telling the secretary that I was from Japan. I immediately thought of the man I was looking for but was rather puzzled by the lack of Eurasian characteristics, also by the typical roundheadedness of the Gaul, while the brothers were both dolichocephalic. (That is, the ones I knew in Japan were). I made no reference to my idea but engaged him in conversation, during which he continued his excellent impersonation of a Frenchman, in pronunciation, mannerisms, verbal claims, etc. The next day I called at the club and sent in my card. When I was ushered into his office I waited until we were alone, then addressed him in Japanese, calling him by his mother's maiden name. As may be imagined his feelings were rather mixed. He acknowledged his identity and was much incensed against his brother, thinking it was he who had informed me. But I gave him the story of how I had merely seen a letter in the hands of a postman addressed to his brother and got a passing glimpse of the name of the building in which the club was located.

We enjoyed quite an interesting conversation after we had established more or less friendly relations. I was unable to

learn definitely just how he entered America, although from his remarks about his illegitimacy, and its effects on his inability to become an American citizen as he desired, I came to the conclusion that he had entered this country on a Japanese passport. I saw nothing that lead me to believe that he had entered this country illegally as a stowaway, or through Mexico. He described to me his life in America for some years during which he said his race had never been openly suspected. Also he described with some amusement the invitation he had received some days before to deliver a talk before some society, advocating Japanese exclusion and deprivation of right to own land.

All of the foregoing took place in the southern part of this state. Following this meeting we enjoyed a certain amount of intercourse; he visited me at my home, and I alone without my wife (Japanese) called on him at his quarters at his quarters at the club--this to preserve his racial incognito. But after not seeing him for some time, I called at the club one day to be told that he had resigned and departed from the city. Where, I was unable to learn. It was some time after this that I ascertained that he was in another city, also in the same line of work, i.e. club steward-secretary, still supposedly the Tokyo-born Frenchman. It is an odd thing that although he had working under him in the first club a

staff of Japanese servants and waiters, so far as I was able to gather from them, they did not recognize him as an Eurasian. If there is anything that a Japanese hotel or club servant doesn't know about guests or members I have never come across it.

As I have never seen the father I am ignorant of his racial type, whether north Irish, black Irish, Gallic, Celtic, Iberian, or what have you. There must have been quite a mixture even in him to produce such radically different skull structures as seen in his sons.

It is sometimes said that the moral sense of Eurasians is often lower than either parent, whether on account of lack of proper environment, parental love and care, admiration of associates, or whether there is some inherent biologic weakness of fibre I am in doubt, although I incline to credit both sides of the question. Stated in terms of percentages I would venture 75% and 25% respectively. Observing these brothers I find two of them apparently up to normal morally. The third climaxed a life as a religious worker, respected by all, by falling under suspicion of embezzlement. My own idea is that he was pushed to this by the social ambitions of his purely Japanese wife.

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The family on arrival in America (some 13 years ago) encountered financial embarrassment and lack of employment; Mr. K. was finally obliged to become an agricultural laborer (fruit picker) to support his family. Having never done manual labor, his strength was not sufficient for his work, and he was obliged to give it up. While attending a bookkeeping school he chanced to note a newspaper advertisement of a tourist agency mentioning a world cruise. Communicating with the agency, and mentioning his experience of Japan and knowledge of the Japanese language, he was happily given employment as a cruise conductor and guide. He has continued in this line with intervals of unemployment up to the present time, making many trips around the world on these cruises and between time acting as guide to personally conducted tourist parties in America and Europe. His income, during most of this period, ranged around \$200 a month, plus travelling expenses.

His unemployment dates from about four years ago. Increasing age and increasing ill-nature probably contributing to the failure of the tourist agencies to avail themselves of his services. His unemployment caused some financial embarrassment to the family, and his wife invested some of their savings, and some funds obtained from Mr. K.'s family in England, in the purchase of an already existing cleaning and pressing business. During the past several years, Mrs. K.

has given practically all of her time and energy to this business, spending habitually some sixteen to eighteen hours a day in this shop. In this she is assisted by one of her sons, a boy now of some twenty years.

To revert to the efforts of Mrs. K. to prevent the drift of her husband and children away from their Japanese culture: as was to be expected the effect of the American environment soon made itself felt on the children. One of the first steps was the adoption of or translation of their Japanese given names into English, and the abandonment of the Japanese surname, and the use of the husband's English surname. The eldest children having been exposed to Japanese culture for a longer period than the younger ones, exhibited less speed in this change. The eldest son retained his Japanese given name some ten years after arrival in America, until, in University life, he apparently encountered some social ostracism or wished to conceal his half-Japanese parentage. At this time he arbitrarily adopted an occidental given name and requested his family and friends to cease using the Japanese name. The change has proved somewhat slow as many friends, in unthinking moments, still call him by his Japanese name and sometimes are unable, at the moment, to recall his newly adopted name.

All of the children, and the father, have gradually

dropped intercourse with the Japanese community, with the exception of one son, the third. In the course of her battle to preserve the Japanese characteristics of her family, Mrs. K. has apparently fought a losing game, and has been forced to concentrate her efforts on this one son. He has foregone the university schooling, which the two older sons have enjoyed, in order to give his entire time to assisting his mother in her pressing business. He, alone of the children, continues to attend the Japanese Christian Church and to maintain friendly contacts with the Japanese community. The father continues to be increasingly vituperative against the Japanese. The other children seem to have set up a sort of defense mechanism against their feeling of inferiority (on account of their mixed race) by proclaiming an exaggerated ignorance of things Japanese, and even of members of the Japanese community whom it is quite evident they must actually know.

The bitterness of Mr. K. against the Japanese continued to grow after his coming to America on account of the attempt of the Japanese Government to exert the same guiding authority over him that it exercises over all its nationals abroad. The Japanese Associations, although ostensibly private organizations, in reality serve as Japanese sub-consulates. This control over his actions and the embarrassment on his world

cruises of having to travel under a Japanese passport under a Japanese surname different from the English name under which he was known to his employers and cruise patrons, as well as the troublesome relations with the Japanese Immigration officials and police on his visits to Japan, led him to decide to seek American citizenship. Here again he was opposed bitterly by Mrs. K., her family, the Japanese government, and the above-mentioned Japanese Association.

There were also technical difficulties encountered in the American naturalization court on account of the wording of the law. The law provides that Japanese are ineligible to American citizenship by naturalization. Mr. K., although of the white race, was a Japanese citizen. Another point that caused difficulty was the status of the six children. Ordinarily the naturalization of a father automatically confers American citizenship upon his minor children. Under this procedure the six children would become American citizens upon their father's naturalization. But in other court decisions precedents had been set that Eurasians of Oriental citizenship could not be naturalized Americans, while those Eurasians enjoying American or European citizenship could be naturalized. These decisions arose in connection with the applications for naturalization of Eurasians whose parents had never been legally married.

In the case of Mr. K.'s children the American naturalization court was confronted with these precedents which were further confused by the legal marriage and subsequent naturalization of the English father as a Japanese. After considerable delay, naturalization was extended to Mr. K. The status of the children I have been unable to ascertain exactly. Some years ago when the father was first naturalized I had the information that the court placed some restriction upon the children. However, at the present time, they make some vague claims, which they seem reluctant to discuss frankly, that they are American citizens, with all rights and privileges thereunto appertaining.

The eldest child, a daughter, retains considerable Japanese psychology although she has little contact with the Japanese community and associates mainly with Americans and other Eurasians. She is a high-school graduate and is at present employed as a stenographer in a city export firm's office. She devotes her spare time to University Extension courses in foreign languages, art and designing.

The eldest son, is now a university graduate student, having taken his master's degree in Engineering. Lack of employment has no doubt led to his decision to do graduate work and seek his doctor's degree. Excessive study has given him some eye trouble, which has become severe enough to cause him

to leave school for some months at a time.

The second son is a university undergraduate. He has spent the past vacation in a trip to Alaska as workman on a fishing vessel with a Japanese crew. His contacts with the Japanese community have not been as intimate as those of his younger brother. To the surprise of some of his friends, who had noted his tendency to seek contacts with Americans and to avoid them with Japanese, he signed on this Japanese enterprise with the explanation that he wished to regain his fluency in the Japanese language with the intention of seeking a position with some import-export firm in Japan. He is majoring in foreign trade at the University.

The second daughter, also openly expressing distaste for contacts with Japanese, has become a registered nurse and is away from home much of the time. She, of all the children, inclines most to occidental coloring but has rather more oriental features than the other children. This is sometimes quite noticeable in families of Eurasian children, those of lighter coloring and hair having the oriental physiognomy, while those of brunette color tend more to foreign cast of countenance.

The third son, as mentioned above, assists his mother in her business. He is a high-school graduate. While the other children have a fair amount of self-assertiveness, this son

seems rather shy and retiring.

The fourth son, now in high school, tends rather to the Oriental type, both in coloring and features. His personality is yet undeveloped and his eventual psychology is hard to forecast. He is studious, retiring and, being young and under the domination of his mother, shows little of the anti-Japanese bias of his father and brothers and sisters.

The language commonly spoken in the home has gradually changed from the Japanese usage prevailing on their arrival in America, to practically full English. The mother, seeking to obtain employment as a teacher in a Japanese private school, was compelled by California state law to pass an examination in English and knowledge of American constitution and customs. To further her knowledge of English for this examination she no doubt used the English language more extensively in the privacy of the home than she would otherwise have done. Ordinarily, in Japanese families living in America, the parents, more particularly the mothers, speak entirely in Japanese with their children. In the case of the K. family I have been unable to detect any use of or even recollection of Japanese words among the children, except the one studying foreign trade.

The children, in common with most Eurasians, are above the average in facial attractiveness. They tend to be darker

in coloring than most Eurasians owing to the fact that their English father is exceptionally dark for an Englishman. One daughter and one son are of normal American height; the others are slightly under the American standard, but still over the Japanese. Both the mother and father are small.

I tell you the reason why I came to America. The Domoto was an old family but after bankruptcy and the death of my mother I faced to get a job.

I was willing to work but I didn't want to be a servant for somebody's house where I would be seen by my friends. I thought of going to Tokio city but when I think of my neighbor come around to my working place and find out of me as a servant they may tell my folks. Then friend Kokichiro Mitani and others came back from America and told me about how wonderful to be over there so I decided to go to America.

However I was penniless and didn't have any idea to get money. Finally I made a loan from some one. It was 100 yen (\$33.00). The Shiheimin (a people class) used to have no privilege been open the door of high people's house but my house was in the position of the Shoya (a village headman) so even I went to America I avoid every way to be seen by Japanese that I was working for somebody because they might report to my country.

Why I went to the United States? Make money! First job I got was in a whitemen's club at Mason and Eddy Streets, San Francisco. As I said before I didn't want to be recognized by the Japanese who was working at the next door. Therefore I posed as the Chankeo (Chinese) as they used to talk about

me being a Chanko. I have toiled for sixteen years in order to send some money to support my father. Then he died and meanwhile my relatives came to America so there was no need of sending money to Japan.

I started an independent peddler business in order to make money. At the beginning I bought a basket which was cost \$1.00. But there was nothing to fill with the basket. Therefore I asked Mr. Imaizumi, a jiu-jitsu expert, "Please lend me a capital because I have no good to be filled in my basket". "O.K. I help you." he said and handed to me \$20 in gold without hesitation. I remember very well that the gold was plenty at that time and I had handful gold of \$20. I went to the company and bought goods that can be sold for peddling. Of course I didn't know how to go by and I did my own way.

The goods are a pottery, a fan, a handkerchief, and all other Japanese goods. The store was located at Kerney Street. I overworked. I made every effort. There was no traffic at that time so I took a long walk to a country. And also I had fight with Americans frequently because of my youthful energy. At the beginning I thought that white people are strong men but when I had a fight with them for several time I realized that they are very weak mind person although looks as if they are superior. One time I fought so energetically that oppon-

ent white started to cry.

Meanwhile I mastered the trade. Besides I have gotten an idea of importing a "kishu" mandarin orange from Japan. Because they are raised in my village. At first I ordered one box and sold five cents a piece. I didn't know that peddler must take rear door so I went to a front door. I sold them in one day so I ordered more. One box contained about 200. I pleased very much when some one paid for whole box. I was proud of it to be a first one to import the "kishu" mandarin orange to this country and succeeded to some extent. Later I enlarged my trade and definitely established an importing firm for the mandarin orange. I have imported more than 100,000 cases in a few years. Of course today I am importing about a million cases a year.

Next thing that I did was a canned mandarin orange. Not only I started a canned mandarin orange but I taught it to Japan and result was that Japanese markets have earned at least hundred million dollars.

Today I still have an ambition to start some new thing that will bring a million dollars. For this reason I get up 4 o'clock in the morning and cook myself then study.

I had done many things to Japan. I was the one that originated how to raise a vermifuge-chrysanthemum in Japan's soil and exporting beans to Europe. Also I exported a Tapes-

philippinarum (shell-fish) and Japan have made near \$200,000 a year. I found that name is very serviceable because I named this shell-fish as a baby-crab in this country and sold quite lots.

After all these efforts and successes I believe that healthy constitution is the best capital especially when you are on abroad. Sickness! that is made by you and nobody else will make you sick if you guard yourself very cautiously.

The Japanese are of the yellow race and yellow face represent strong. The Germans are in fear of us. Let compare white with yellow. Yellow is stronger than white. Look at the world today. They are afraid of yellow. Why? We have a power and experiences. We should not to die at sixty or seventy. Because yellow is strong. See the white and yellow flowers. The yellow flower last longer.

What Japan needs today is a minister for marine products. I advocate this post for long time because Japan is surrounded by the ocean and most of products are gotten from the sea. There is very few land products. If we encouraging the marine products by establishing the minister for that field then we can solve the problem of immigration.

Well let get back to the beginning. When I came to this country I hardly write my own name. My teacher was Mr. Takaki

who graduated a university but was penniless. We lived together and cook each other. He taught me the Japanese and I supported him. That the way I was educated.

I am little over seventy years now.

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